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1922

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THE PLAINS
POEMS IN KANSAS
AND
AGRICULTURE
PLANT, PRUNE & SPRAY



*John
Dunn*
J. P. DUNN, Author

Independence, Kansas.

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I Kindly Dedicate This Book

THE PLAINS

POEMS IN KANSAS

AND

HORTICULTURE

PLANT, PRUNE AND SPRAY

TO

Mrs. Annie M. Dunn.

J. P. DUNN
Author and Poet
1922

FLAG

By J. P. Dunn.

I am as red as blood
And as white as snow
With Brilliant stars
Set in a field of blue.
I fly o'er lands
Where you believe I can
I am truly just
What you believe I am.

I am the day's work
Of all women and men
And the dream
Of the most daring man.
I am what you made me
In the days a'gone
From Bunker Hill
Down to Argone.

Sometimes I am strong
With pride when men
Do an honest work
With heart and hands.
Sometimes I am loud
And full of glee
I wave for all
That you hope to be.

My stars and stripes
Are your dreams of years
The freest land
In this hemisphere
With a loyal courage
And firm in faith
For peace on earth
I wave tonight.

OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

By J. P. Dunn.

In the fields of old Kentucky
And a vale between the hills
Stands a quaint old fashioned
Cottage that I love
Where the honey suckle vine
'Round that rustic porch did twine
So inviting to the bee
And humming birds.

I can see the winding path round
My old Kentucky home,
Like a line of river
Wending to and fro.
I can see the blue grass waving
Between the fences made of rails
And pheasants loudly drumming
And the piping of the quails.

I can hear the hounds baying
While the hunter blows his horn.
I can see the dew-drop sparkle
On the rose just newly born.
I can hear a hush of silence,
When comes the gentle rain
As it patters on the clap-boards
Down the eaves and window panes.

From the plains of sunny Kansas
My thoughts revert today
To the school house in the clearing
Though many miles away,
Where we gathered sweetest roses,
The Bride and Bon-Saline,
To bedeck the flowing tresses
Of our beautiful May day queen.

The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to the Editors of our City, County, State and land for upon them the welfare of our nation as ever much depends.

I herewith submit my poems as original to the intelligence and impartial justice of my fellow citizens.

Daily Reporter, Independence, Kans.

Daily Evening Star, Independence, Kans.

Daily Free Press, Independence, Kans.

Southeastern Kansas Tribune, Independence.

Coffeyville Daily Journal, Coffeyville, Kans.

Daily Morning News, Coffeyville, Kans.

Coffeyville Independent, Coffeyville, Kans.

Daily Enterprise, Bartlesville, Okla.

Tulsa World, Tulsa, Okla.

Pawkuska Daily Capital.

Ottawa Herald.

Soverign Visitor.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Topeka Daily Capital and Capper's Weekly.

New York Daily Times.

Mound Valley Times-Journal.

Parsons Daily Sun.

And many other papers that have published my poems during and since the world war.

Respectfully, J. P. DUNN.

KANSAS

By J. P. Dunn.

O beautiful, beautiful land,
Where the silvery streamlets stream
From the sunkissed tops of the Rokies
That are clad in white and green.
It is springtime out here in Kansas;
Many eagles now are seen
Flying over the hills and rivers
Of the Smoky and Saline.

The smoky hills and valleys
So inviting to our gaze,
Are full of picturesqueness
To the western pioneers.
The old-time dugout palace,
And the sod house on the plains
Are the emblem of successes
Of those happy, by gone days.

The antelope and buffalo,
The broad horned elk and deer
Are extinct from the Smoky hills
But on the western slope are seen
The prairie dogs and gophers
Still playfully bark and play,
In the counties of McPherson,
Lincoln, Saline and Clay.

The coyotes still are with us,
I guess they are here to stay.
They visit all our homesteads
While we are sleeping in the hay.
The coyote is a prophet,
Before every storm he howls;
The ranchmen all take notice,
And corral their lambs and fowls.

THE CLASPETH HAND.

By J. P. Dunn.

The claspeth hand of friendship,
Holds men in touch today
With all mankind who dwell
Upon land or sea.
It strengthens all our efforts,
And lessens all our cares,
It drives away the bitter blues
And checks the fallen tears.

Did you extend the claspeth hand
To the poor widow in distress,
Did you kiss your wife good bye,
When her parting hand you pressed.
Did you ever speak a good word
For your old home town,
If perchance you did not
Please do it now.

Did you meet the night fall
That was slowly coming on,
Have you helped a single brother,
And made a bosom friend.
Did you scatter seeds of kindness
Or seeds of discontent.
Have you spoken kindly
To everyone you met.

Can you recall an instance,
Of a ray of hope you have shed.
Is there a single heart rejoicing
Over what you did or said.
If you have spoken kindly
Of your brother across the way,
You will be rewarded tomorrow
For what you did today.

COME OUT WEST

By J. P. Dunn.

Ye who are loitering
Get busy today
While not any moment
In idleness away
If business is slack
Where you may abide
Come out to Kansas
And with us glide.

In Kansas the wheat
And alfalfa are Green
Where the happiest people
On earth may be seen
The young and the old
The high and the low
Stand shoulder to shoulder;
Our watchword "see us grow."

Come in the autumn
Come in the spring
Come in the summer
And hear the birds sing.
Just keep on coming
In sunshine or rain
And help drill for oil
And garner the grain.

Come in the evening
Or come in the morn
If you want to labor
In mine, factory or farm
The oftener you come
The greater the charm
In production we're short
But on consumption we're long.

THE LIVING MIND.

By J. P. Dunn.

The mind is a living mirror
For man while here below ;
It shines both day and night
Like the golden glow.
If we would look square in our mind
And view things as they are
We could avoid many trials
And console our aching hearts.

We should live for today only
Our yesterdays are past and gone ;
Tomorrow is not ours
In fact it may never come.
There is one thing, my brother,
Before we cross the ridge,
We must lie down for one night
Beneath the covered bridge.

Then why should we crave or worry
For things we have not got ;
Discontent is sinful
And will not improve our lot.
We should not yearn for money
For sometimes it's a curse
Happiness excels money
If in God we trust.

In tracing back the profiles of time
Checking up the points and curves
We sometimes are amazed
At the accomplishments of man,
We are standing on the threshold
Where our fathers bravely stood
Who won for us a victory
And freedom for our flag.

DECORATION

By J. P. Dunn.

While we deck each grave with flowers
Plucked by friends with tenderest care,
For the dear one who fell in Battle,
At home and over seas.
We promise as we kneel besides beside them
Beneath the Elm's quiet shade,
That their flag of yesterday
We hold in ecstasy today.

Place each flower with tender feeling
O're some friend you cherished dear
While he slumbers neath its fragrance,
In the valley, sea or plain,
For his spirit hovers round you
In your daily walk to cheer.
Comfort, keep, direct you onward,
What a precious thought so dear.

May each mother's love be melted,
By the lapse of many years,
As her mind is drifting backward,
For the one she loves so dear,
May each one who fought in battle,
For the dear old flag to save
Have a place in fond remembrance
O're his dear and sacred grave.

May Old Glory float from time immemorial
With that freedom for us all,
One by one resting sweetly,
Waiting for the bugle call.
When the Master calls each veteran
To his Home beyond the skies,
Then to dwell in peace and comfort,
Then we will raise Old Glory high.

ODE TO MAJOR ROBERT LEWIS.

By J. P. Dunn.

The promotion of Robert Lewis
From Captain to Major Bob
Was earned for his bravery
And the kindness shown his men.
But, alas, when came the parting,
The misty tear drops came
That trickled down the cheeks
Of the boys of Ammunition Train.

When Major Lewis was transferred
Then came the sad goodbys;
All promised to meet again
Somewhere, live or die.
The meeting was in bleeding France,
Beneath a foreign sky;
The tender joys that were expressed
Money can not buy.

At the first call of his country,
While yet in his 'teens,
Major Lewis carried a musket
In the far-off Phillippines.
He came maching home as sergeant
Full of vim and laughter,
Bob has never faced a back flag
Nor had his heels in water.

The buring hearts of friendship beat
For all tried and true good men.
Major Lewis wears the plume
Of an American pure and firm.
When he returned with the boys,
The gates were all outswung,
And every promise made,
He faithfully fulfilled.

PATH OF DUTY.

By J. P. Dunn.

The path we will tread tomorrow
Is a survey of today.
Like a line of river
Flowing from mountain to the sea.
If it be a path of duty,
You will meet at each point of curve
Your conscience as dictator,
Just how and where to rove.

We should arise at early morning
And be steadfast all through the day.
Let no evil thoughts estray us
As we glide along life's highway.
Be cheerful, pure and patriotic,
In the path of duty stay,
Right will always triumph o'er wrong
From birth down to the grave.

It's a beautiful thought to live in,
The tomorrow that yet to us is unknown.
It beautifies all that is lovely
Like the dew at sunset or at dawn.
Our path may be strewn with flowers
As it winds through the snow-capped hills
The fragrance from the flowers and roses
Is God's perfume of love for His fellowman

THE OZARK TRAIL.

By J. P. Dunn.

O'er the plains of sunny Kansas,
Between the fields of ripening grain,
Traverses the famous highway,
The Ozark mountain trail.
And extends through Arkansas,
Where cotton often grows as tall
As wheat and corn in Kansas,
In the valley of Neosho,
The Verdigris and Kaw.

When you reach the Ozark mountains,
Then you will learn something about
The hospitality of the people,
Their streams and speckled trout.
To drink from nature's fountains
Will at once quench your thirst,
Then you will love Missouri
For her rivers and her rock.

Way down in beautiful Oklahoma
And Texas lonely pines,
Winds the Ozark trail of promise
Where they are drilling now for oil
A trip down through the Ozarks
In memory will never stale,
The land where nature marvels
In the scenic Ozark trail.

OUR PRESIDENT.

By J. P. Dunn.

Patriotism is Americanism
By birth or otherwise;
The name of Woodrow Wilson
Brings everlasting joy;
He is a living martyr,
Equal in every way
To Washington or Jefferson,
And is the Abraham Lincoln of today.

All Americans remember,
A few short years ago,
When we elected Mr. Wilson
As our guiding star,
Mr. Wilson heard us cheering
While trysting at the well
And with his boys sailed overseas
And gave the kaiser H—ll.

Mr. Wilson is our president,
And is a tried and true good man.
He has carried out all his plans
That congress imposed on him.
I deem it as a duty,
And will write in verse
When our history again written
The name of Woodrow Wilson first.

PAW-HUS-KA.

By J. P. Dunn.

Tall plumes of Spring
In rows and rows,
Like angels dressed
In their assention clothes
To protect the ideal park that lies
Incompassed by the hills and sky.
This land was deeded to Uncle Sam
To Paw-hus-ka and his noble band,
To hold as long as grass will grow—
O'er the Osage hills and valleys, too,
And fire will burn on Earth below,
And the rain from Heaven make
water flow.

Paw-hus-ka was a chieftain brave,
His hair was silvery gray;
He has heard wolves bark boldly
Before the midnight rain;
He has seen the elms waving
Along the uneven streams,
And the stately oak and maple
Cast their shadow o'er the scene.
From a wigwam in the valley
And a hillside dugout shack,
To commemorate his name and
memory,
Stands Pawhuska, the finest city in
the Osage land.

**TRIBUTE TO HARRY BRAMMER
OF INDEPENDENCE, KAN.**

By J. P. Dunn.

Tonight stars are softly gleaming,
Upon a quiet, new-made grave,
There sleepeth without dreaming
A brother we could not save.
Harry, dear, how we miss you,
God alone the wound can heal;
Friends know not the deep sorrow
That lie in your sister's heart concealed.

At the first call of his country,
Though a youth yet in his teens,
He resigned his position at the Prairie
To save his flag, he volunteered.
But God called Harry to his army,
To march in peace beyond the seas,
Where he will drill with angels,
Who are all God's volunteers.

While on his cot in death he lay,
The language of his eyes seemed to say,
Comrades and sisters true,
I bid you all a kind adieu.
My country's flag I still can see,
It's the flag I love, it baptized me,
May all the flags on earth unite
For peace on earth is God's delight.

With fife and drum ere the set of sun,
His comrades played as they marched
away,
To the beautiful cemetery of Mt. Hope,
Where in peace, Harry rests today.
They fired three shots o'er his grave,
In honor of a soldier brave,
The echo reached from shore to shore,
At peace with God for ever more.

OUR FLAG

By J. P. Dunn.

Nov. 11, 1918.

I will tell you a story ;
One that is true
About the flag of America,
The Red, White and Blue.
She is as pure as the lily
That blooms the world o'er—
An olive in peace and a hero in war ;
Has no yellow streaks around her
forty-eight stars.

We call her Old Glory
For the battles she's won.
She is respected today
By every nation under the sun.
For Freedom and Liberty
That has taken ages to win
Over the military power
Of tyrannical kings.

Three chers for Old Glory
Again and again ;
She waves proudly today
Over the Rhine.
To our Creator in heaven
Who guided our sons
This eleventh day of November
We dedicate to Him.

FONDEST HOPES.

By J. P. Dunn.

The flowers and roses
Will ever bloom
With open petals
For bride and groom.
The winds will blow
Their fragrance o'er
The graves of those
Who fell in war.

Upon your breasts
A cross I see,
Kind words inscribed
For you and I.
Ye speak to us
As if alive
Comrades, while passing by,
Keep Old Glory flying high.

Kind friends, your battle
We fought and won,
In the famous woods
Of Argonne
For peace on earth
We paved the way
And for tomorrow
We gave today.

Today, dear sons,
As ye glide
O'er the waves beyond
The returnless tide
A mother kneels
Beside your grave
As her Fondest Hopes
Lie buried there
And prays to God
Who reigns on high
To keep you in
His heavenly care.

ALL WELCOME HOME

By J. P. Dunn.

I can see Old Glory waving
I can hear the happy throng
Singing "America I am coming"
Back to the dearest spot of earth.
I can see those ocean steamers
All plumed in silvery sprays;
I can see those angel mothers
A waiting for their son today.
Every sound of the whistle
Has an echo in the heart
And brings fondest recollections
Of the land that gave them birth.

At the fireside now are waiting
Wives and mothers and lovers true,
A kind old father, too, is waiting
Patiently, dear son, for you.
A sister and a brother too
Are standing where they stood
The day you left the old home
For the unknown battle front
You said, "Goodby, dear Mother
Some day I will return."
I know you were in earnest
And meant every word you said.

All our boys in the cantonments
And the fields of St. Mihiel
Chateau-Thierry and Argonne,
We reverence all as heroes
On sea, in aid, and land.
Those who fell in battle
Are the gold stars of our flags;
They are very near,
And yet so very far
But all will meet again
Even though time
May make the distance far.

Three chers for all the stars
On our Old Glory flag,
That represents the U. S. A
North, East, South and West.
There are forty-eight that twinkle
United all in line,
The Gold Star is Mother's Star
And is number forty-nine.
We welcome all our boys
To their old home again.
They are tried and true Americans
Of the bravest type of men.

We welcome the 35th Division,
And the divisions of all the states
As greetings from Sunny Kansas,
Oklahoma, and Missouri—
The Giant Plainsmen
Of the Middle West.

WELCOME HOME DAY, MAY 22, 1919.

By J. P. Dunn.

What means this large gathering of people
On this beautiful ideal day?
What means this large number of autos
With Old Glory flying o'er them so gay?
What means those great airplanes like eagles
Flying so proudly between earth and sky?
It means that our boys are the victors
That brought peace to this old world again.

Independence, the home of our loved ones,
The queen city of the great American plains
We dedicate with high honor and memory
The twenty-second day of May each year.
We reverence all our American heroes,
And to our Creator we fervently pray
For our gold stars, who fell in battle,
And are now sleeping beyond the returnless
waves.

CONDITIONS AS THEY ARE.

By J. P. Dunn.

On the great American prairies,
Are piles of choicest corn
No market for this cereal
And is now used for fuel,
Ye Uncle Sam is calling
His sons back to the farm
To the land of milk and honey
And the fields of yellow corn.

We are familiar with this story
And have often heard it sung
That Kansas is queen in wheat
And in corn and oil is king
But in the land of promise
Of fair women and honest men
The octopus of war
Has the wheels of commerce stilled.

We remember well conditions
Only a few short years ago
Our Nation then engaged
In the World War.
The demand for all our products
Of factory, mine and farm
Made prices soar as high
As during the Civil War.

At the close of World War
When our boys returned home
Prices on all commodities and wages
With a clash came tumbling down
With a depleted market
At home and the world o'er
As Americans all will share
With the man that holds the plow.

Mr. Harding is pilot
Of our great old ship of state
Assembled with Congress and our
Senate
Are the governors of our states
Who will man her fore and aft'
And keep her sailing right
Until she makes a return voyage
And normalcy is reached.

The morning dawn is breaking
O'er a wilderness of doubt
With all nations now assembled
For Peace upon earth
To gain the highest standard
In every home and land
We must accept the teaching
Of Christ, the Perfect Man.

TRIBUTE TO COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Col. Roosevelt was a faithful friend
In our nation's adverse hour
He gave his sons, four brave boys,
To fight for the flag he loved.
He was an A. Lincoln type of man,
Believed all nations should be free,
For position, power or money,
He never bent a knee.

The voice of honest praise shall ring
In ages yet to raise,
His name will sparkle like a star
Beneath every nation's skies,
The lamp of clay may shatter
That holds the light of truth divine,
In memory Col. Roosevelt lives,
Wiser than his time.

MOTHER TOLD ME SO

By J. P. Dunn.

There is a little maxim,
Told me by my Mother dear
When in Childhood
As I sat upon her knee
She told me that a rolling stone
gather little moss.
Many were the lessons of advice
Mother gave to me.

Mother told me that the Father
Watched o'er me fram above
And bade me pray to him
With head bowed low,
And said "if I take her advice
Some day I'll be with him".
I believe it for my Mother
Told me so.

Mother told me when at manhood
Temptations I would meet,
And very few true friends
In life I would know,
She also said the world is full
of falsehood and deceit,
I believe it for my Mother
Told me so.

Mother told me never turn my back
On sorrow and distress,
And give what ever I could
To help the poor.
For you will never know
What poverty is my lad,
Until you find the wolf of hunger
Knocking at your door.

Try and love your neighbor
As you always love yourself,
Your deeds will make you known
Where e're you go.
If a man is honest
He will need no monument
When he is gone,
I believe it for my Mother
Told me so.

NEWOLLAH.

(By J. P. Dunn, Oct. 9, 1922.)

These are not the same days
Nor the same Hallowe'en
 Enjoyed by our father and
 mothers.

When they strolled up and down
 the beautiful straems
In the crimsoning days of October.

In the days that have gone
 when we were young,
With no thoughts of to-day or
 tomorrow,
We rambled at will
O're plain, valley and hill
In the Hallowe'en day of October.

With pleasure we view
Our Heaven and earth
And the herbage God tinted by
nature;
By frosts from the north
And the winds from the south
In the crimsoning days of October.

Each bramble and bush
In silence is hushed,
Each bud is now closed for old
winter,
At the return of spring
All will open again
To meet the lark, the bee and the
 robin.

These are not the same days,
Though they bear the same name
 as the days
When we were children together,
It may be that angels
Are culling them o're
While we christen Hallowe'en.
 NEEWOLLAH.

VERDIGRIS RIVER.

By J. P. Dunn.

"Child"

Gentle river, gentle river,
Tell us where your laugh begins
As you are drifting southward
Through the Oklahoma land,
Bedecked with the ash and maple
The oak and American elm,
With their branches reaching almost
from bank to bank.

"River"

From a little dew drop
Sparkling in the sun,
With multiplis of rain
From the clouds above.
Coarsing thru the plains
Down into the glenn,
Born of the rainbow
Is where my laugh begins.

"Child"

Gentle river, gentle river,
In the years of sweet a-gone
On thy banks we played,
Children we were then,
Our little tepee wigwams,
Time has far removed.
And erected more modern tepees,
But in memory not like ours.

"River"

As children and companions,
I remeber you quite well
When we strolled together
Up and down the dells.
When all nature was alive
With a merrieness of youth,
Earth was then a paradise
And not a wilderness of doubt..

1813

“Child”

Gentle river, gentle river
We bid a fond farewell
We know you will be flowing
When we are past and gone
We pray that other children
Thy companionship may bear,
And enjoy themselves as we did
On thy banks dear Verdigris.

“River”

Farwell, farwell, my comrads,
When you are far away.
I shall keep you in my memory,
As the children of yesterday,
And with each turn of springtime
My course will renew
As I sip the fallen dewdrops
I will kiss them all for you.

BY AND BY.

By J. P. Dunn.

Man's love for woman
Is alike the world over;
Woman loves man
For protection and a home.
All things being equal
There is no reason why
That they should not marry
In the sweet by and by.

Marriage is a contract;
Two hearts beat as one—
For the better, we hope—
Time only can tell.
If poverty should enter,
Then everybody shouts
It's easy to get married
But it's h—ll to keep house.

THE FOUR FACTORS OF WEALTH.

By J. P. Dunn.

LAND

The land is the entire earth
The oceans, lakes and rivers,
The rainfall, heat and cold,
Tide, winds, storms and weather.
And all material beneath
The surface of earth and water,
And all the fishes of the seas
Are united in one factor.

LABOR

Labor is a workingman transformed
To master natural forces
With intelligence to create wealth
By skilled and unskilled labor.
With the ability to perform
And create faster than consumed
Natural resources thus transformed
Is called capital produced by labor.

CAPITAL.

Capital begun with economy
Progress and civilization
Chiefly to assist man
In the subjugation of nature.
Invention and the use of tools
Man armed himself with weapons
To protect against warfare
To which he was subjected.

Coming down to modern times
With each stage of evolution
Man became better able to create
And save additional capital.
With land, labor and wealth
Organized into a working union
Men are better fed and clothed
With better shelter and education.

ENTERPRISER

The duty of enterpriser
Is to direct capital and labor
To unite the three in one
With nature's creations,
Assume the risks connected with
The business organization
And take the profit that arise
From economic operation.

MY MOTHER.

By J. P. Dunn.

In the cemetery at Boonville, Missouri,
Where the flowers gently wave
Lies the one I love so dearly
In her silent lonely grave.
Peaceful be your sleep, dear mother,
It is sweet to breathe your name.
In life I loved so dearly,
In death I do the same.
Fifty years ago you left me.
How I miss you, mother, dear,
And remember all your kindness
As I drop a silent tear.

VICTORY LOAN

By J. P. Dunn.

V stands for Victory, for Mother and Home,
I for Independence over military power;
C for Columbus who discovered our shore,
T for triumphant over our foe.
O for ocean that our ships sail upon,
R for relief for our home coming sons
Y for the youth and to them we owe more
favors than we can ever bestow.

L for League by Nations signed,
O for our Lusitania, torpedoed and mined;
A for armistice when the Teutons stacked
arms,
N for No, never, shall we allow the Red,
White and Blue to wave below par.

PLANTING

PLANTING—Dig holes wide and deep enough to allow putting in bottom of hole good top earth, to allow roots to get a setting. Do not use Manure in hole, unless thoroughly decomposed back to earth. Plant all trees three (3) inches deeper than when in Nursery. After filling up hole half way pour a bucket of water in hole then with a slat one by four ("1x4") tamp around outside of hole pressing the points of roots downward, then pull upward on tree before filling hole.

PRUNING

PEACHES—Cut off all limbs then cut top to within three (3) feet of the ground. Plant Peach trees in spring only. Peach trees won't stand transplanting in fall being so full of sap they grow until winter begins, therefore, cannot be delivered in a dormant condition from the Nurseries.

PLUMS—Plums should be pruned severely. Cut back to body of tree, and top cut within three (3) feet of ground. Plum trees require an open head.

APPLES—Apples should be cut back within three (3) feet of ground as an apple tree bears and thrives better if kept cut back. Don't cut off any of side limbs unless they cross each other. Use a small saw when pruning an apple tree as the wound will heal and not effect the life of tree.

PEAR—Pears should be pruned to a pyramid, shaped similar to the Irish Juniper tree. In all cases use a saw to remove live or dead branches.

CHERRY—Prune cautiously, with a definite object in view as the cherry is classed as an ornamental tree as well as a fruit tree. Merely remove such limbs that mar the appearance of the tree. Don't wrap trees with any kind of bandage. Don't apply any kind of paste on body of tree as these patent pastes fill up pores in bark and causes shrinkage in the sap wood, by all means adhere to this advice. Don't shave bark of Lawn or Park trees nor apply any band of glueish preparation around trunk of tree, if such is done you will stop the expansion of bark around and cause the tree to lessen the upward flow of sap. The better plan to keep the Canker Worms off of trees is to encircle the body of tree about four (4) feet from ground with cotton batten, tie a wrapping cord around center of cotton then turn top of band down. After freezing in fall remove until spring.

PLANTING

GRAPES—Cut off all defected roots with sharp knife. Dig a trench from about twelve (12) inches deep. Place the roots right and left in trench dividing the roots equally from center of stalk. Don't plant the roots straight down, as they will stand for years before they will grow and produce. The grape must have many top surface roots to thrive and produce fruit.

SOILS—Grapes can be grown on various soils. Must be well drained. Hill sides are the most suitable for grapes as they require a free exposure to sun and air.

PRUNING

GRAPES—Annual pruning any time between December 1st. to Feb. 20th. while the vines are dormant. Prune the vines to two canes for two years after planting.

When the growth commences in the spring the young shoots must be reduced by disbudding so they will stand about twelve (12) inches apart on the cane, selecting only strong healthy shoots. The first fruit bearing shoots allowed to extend themselves at will until Sept. 1st, when they may be pinched off at the end to assist the ripening of the wood. After third year cut the old canes back to six (6) or seven (7) feet long.

APPLE

FIRST SPRAY—Just after buds expand. Bordeaux Mixture (formula 1) or lime sulphur (formula 3). At this time lead arsenate 3 pounds to 50 gallons of water for Curculio, Canker Worm, Tent Caterpillars.

SECOND SPRAY—When blossoms are falling. Lime sulphur (formula 3) at this time 2 lbs. lead arsenate to each 50 gallons of water should be added for the Curculio, Coddling Moth or any insect the devour the leaf.

THIRD SPRAY—For blotch and bitter rot. Two weeks after second spray use Bordeaux Mixture (formula 1).

FOURTH SPRAY—Eight weeks after third spray Bordeaux Mixture (formula 1.)

PEACHES

FIRST SPRAY—Just before the bloom opens up. Arsenate of lead 2 lbs. to 50 gals. of water.

SECOND SPRAY—3 weeks after first spray self boiled lime sulphur. (formula 2) mix also 2 lbs. of arsenate of lead to 60 gals. of water.

THIRD SPRAY—28 days later same as second spray leaving out arsenate of lead.

CHERRY

FIRST SPRAY—Lime sulphur (formula 3) with 2 lbs, arsenate of lead to 50 gallons of water.

SECOND SPRAY—Three weeks later use (formula 3) lime sulphur leaving out the arsenate of lead.

THIRD SPRAY—After fruit is picked use Nicotine sulphur (formula 4).

PLUM

FIRST SPRAY—After blossoms fall use (formula 3) mix also 3 lbs. arsenate of lead to 50 gals. of water. Repeat spray 2 weeks later. After fruit is set well on trees place a canvass or large sheet under tree shake tree well then burn all defective fruit that fall, this way you get rid of many insects also

PEARS

Spray pears same as apples.

GRAPES

FIRST SPRAY—Arsenate of lead 3 lbs. to 50 gals. of water.

SECOND SPRAY—15 days later, same.

CODDLING MOTH

Coddling Moths are so often found in wormy apples. They appear when trees are in full bloom. They lay eggs on twigs, leaves and fruit. When hatched they enter into the blossom end of apple. The second brood enter into the apple at the side of fruit and leaves the apple by coming out at the side. About ten (10) weeks after the blooming period the second crop of Moths begin to fly and come forth again in the spring as a moth.

CANKER WORMS

There are two distinguished families. The first is the type of measuring worm. They strip the trees of their foliage. They are classed as the spring Canker Worm and fall Canker Worm. They are $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long when full grown. At first light green color, darker as they get older.

CASEBEARERS

Pistol Casebearer and Cigar Casebearer. Named from the cores they occupy upon leaf or bud. They are a moth. Wings measuring $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from tip to tip, are easily controlled by proper spraying.

WOOLY APHIS

This plant louse is found on the roots of trees and bark. Spray the roots and branches with Kerosene emulsion 1 to 6 parts of water. Dig dirt from base of trunk to let the emulsion penetrate the roots.

TENT CATERPALLARS

Are readily seen by the tents they spin on the branches. As they hatch they form a colony and can be removed at once and burned.

PLUM CURCULIO

Plum Curculio does more injury to the apple than any other pest except the coddling moth. This beetle has a slender snout which it carries under its body, it knaws little holes in the fruit, but does the greatest damage by depositing eggs in the fruit.

BUD MOTH

Bud Moths attacks buds, leaves and flowers. They weave silken threads which form protection under which they live and feed.

SAN JOSE SCALE

San Jose scale is a small yellow louse almost round. Underneath a round scale with a black point in center of scale. It sucks the juice out of the bark of the tree. Has several broods. During the growing season they cause red spots on the fruit. Worse insect scale pest.

OYSTER SHELL SCALE

They resemble the oyster shell. They are about 1-8 of an inch long. They hibern-ate white eggs under old scale. The eggs hatch about June 1st. First appear as small white lice. Soon fasten to bark and cover it with ascale.

PLANT LICE

They have a sucking mouth. They suck the juice out of plants. They appear in the spring. They injure the plants causing the leaves to curl, stunt and dwarf all the new growth.

SCURFY SCALE

This pest gets under the bark and gives the bark of a tree a scurfy appearance. Lays purple eggs under the bark.

BITTER ROT

Bitter rot is a small sunken bitter spot on the fruit. The fungus lives during the winter in the Canker on the limbs later goes to fruit and enters any cracks that may appear on fruit.

BLOTCH

This fungus forms on the twigs and fruit and is the most destructive disease known to the apple growers of the southern belt.

CANKER

Canker is a rough sunken discolored spot on the bark. Eventually causes the death of the tree.

SCAB

Scab is the most destructive disease known to the apple growers.

BORERS

The round head and flat head borers are the more prevalent in the middle states. The parent of the flat headed borers is a light dove colored beetle. Has irregular cavities on wings. Lays its eggs in the bark of trees. Eggs hatch about July 1st, and gnaw into the wood. In three years they reach full size, then they go deeper into the wood and finely emerge as an adult beetle.

Round Headed Borers—The parent of this borer is larger than the Flat headed borer. Has two distinct white lines full length of body. reaches full size in two years. Treatment kills them by runing a flexible wire into their burroughs or holes that can be readily seen by scraping the dirt away from base of tree. Make a white wash out of air slacked lime and put on with an old broom let it run down on the roots of the tree.

SPRAY MATERIALS

FORMULA 1

Bordeaux—To make 50 gallons.

Take 4 lbs. of copper sulphate dissolve in 8 gals. of water, 5 lbs. of quicq lime not slacked, slack the lime in 6 gals. of water. After it is cooled turn it in to the first solution and add 36 gallons of water to make the 50 gallons. Then strain into a barrel or tank through a wire cloth strainer. Don't use metal vessel as it will corrode.

FORMULA II

Self boiled lime sulphur—

10 lbs. lime, 10 lbs. of sulphur and 50 gallons of water. The lime should be slacked first then run through wire seive, then add the sulphur and stir well then add enough water to make the 50 gallons. After adding the sulphur cool quickly with water to keep down sulphide formations which is injurious to foliage, buds, blooms and fruit.

FORMULA III

Lime Sulphur solution—

Kept in most any drug store. Use 3½ lbs. of sulphure to 50 gallons of water.

FORMULA IV

Nicotine sulphate or black leaf 40—

Use ½ pint Nicotine, 3 lbs. sulphate of soap to 100 gallons of water.

FORMULA V

Hellebore—

Hellebore is a powder. Can be used dry or with water. To use as a spray, 1 pound Hellebore to 30 gallons of water or mixed with 4 lbs. of flour to 1 lb. Hellebore if used as a powder.

FORMULA VI

Kerosene Emulsion—

Kerosene 1 gallon, water ½ gallon, soap 1-4 lb. dissolve the soap in boiling water. After boiling add kerosene, churn ingredients well. Dilute before using.

FORMULA VII

Bordeaux Mixture—

Dilute 3 lbs. copper sulphate to 50 gals. of water.

FORMULA VIII

Lead Arsenate—

Lead arsenate can be purchased in paste or powder from any of your Drug stores. The powder form is twice as strong as paste form.

THE ROSEBUG

The rosebug devours the flowers, young fruit and foliage. This beetle is about one half inch long and of a brown color.

REMEDIES—Use Phrethrum 1 oz. to 2 gallons of water. If possible spray in mist form after a rain.

NOTE—Never plant apple trees on south side side of other fruit trees always plant the apple on north side as the reflection of the sun's rays from the foliage is so piercing in summer that it will burn the fruit and foliage on the cherry, peach and plum.

ROSES

CARE OF ROSES—After they have quit blooming prune back tips of limbs or branches especially early in fall to ripen the wood growth and make the bush strong and sturdy. Roses thrive better in the sun, except the tender varieties they require partial shade and partial sun shine.

Save all your leaves, have a place in your back yard where you can trench them. Leaf mold is the best fertilizer known for plants and roses also the mulching for trees.

FLOWERING SHRUBS

SHRUBS—Best 10 varieties for massing or ornamental specimens. Jap Quince, Forsythie, Lilacs, Tartarian Honeysuckle, Wegelia's, Spirea Van Houtte, Althea, Syringa, Spirea Anthony Waterer for border Hydrangea Aboresencs grandiflora.

Remove all flowers from Hydrangea's bushes before winter sets in, break them off with hand.

NUMBER OF PLANTS ON ONE ACRE AT VARIOUS DISTNCES.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| At 4 feet apart, each way..... | 2,729 |
| At 5 feet apart, each way..... | 1,724 |
| At 6 feet apart, each way..... | 1,200 |
| At 8 feet apart, each way..... | 680 |
| At 10 feet apart each way..... | 430 |
| At 12 feet apart, each way..... | 325 |
| At 15 feet apart, each way..... | 200 |
| At 18 feet apart, each way..... | 135 |
| At 20 feet apart, each way..... | 110 |
| At 25 feet apart, each way..... | 70 |
| At 30 feet apart, each way..... | 50 |

To estimate the number of plants required for an acre, at any given distance multiply the distance between the rows by the distance between the plants, which will give the number of square feet allotted to each plant, and divide the number of square feet in an acre (43,560) by this number, the quotient will be the number of plants.

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